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VOL. 3

NO. 11

FEB.

1944

Shadow

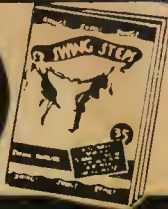
COMICS

Trade

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WHOSE VERY NAME
SPELLS DEATH,
IN HIS FIRST
DUEL WITH
THE SHADOW!



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The Shadow

meets the

DEATH MASTER



THIS IS THE STORY OF
THADE, WHOSE VERY NAME
SPELLS DEATH AND MORE...
THADE, THE MASTER VILLAIN,
WHO USES METHODS OF THE
FUTURE TO COMBAT THE
SHADOW, MASTER OF
JUSTICE... PROFITING BY
THIS, THEIR FIRST DUEL,
THE SHADOW, TOO, WILL
ADAPT DEVICES OF TOMORROW'S
SCIENCE TO CONQUER CRIME'S
COLOSSUS... **THADE!!!**

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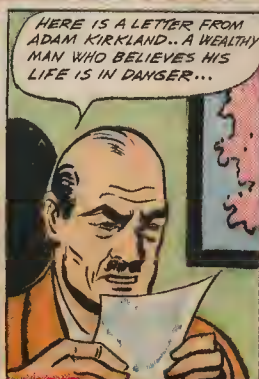
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MEANWHILE
IN A
STRANGE
MANSION
MILES AWAY
FROM
GLENVALE..



THE TIME HAS
ARRIVED TO SETTLE
SCORES WITH ADAM
KIRKLAND. ARE YOU
READY, DURREM?

I
AM
READY,
THADE



ADAM KIRKLAND THINKS
HIMSELF SECURE IN
A HOUSE WHICH I
SECRETLY PREPARED
FOR HIM! SUPPOSE
WE VIEW HIM
THROUGH THE
TELEVISOR!

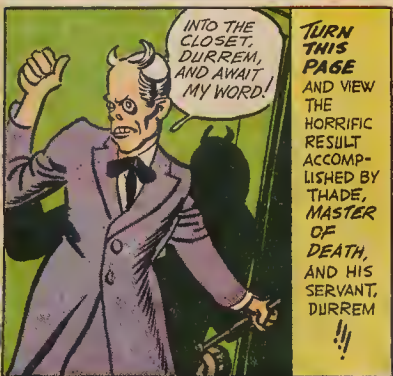
MEANWHILE I
SHALL ADJUST
THE
CONTROL
BANDS
SIR

CLICK!



NOTE THE POSITION OF
THE CLOSET, THE SWORD
AND KIRKLAND'S CHAIR...

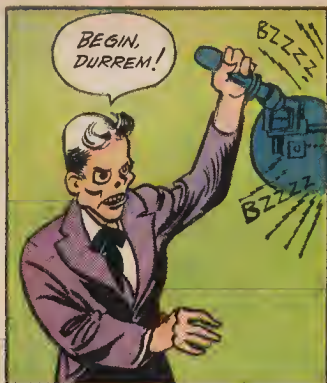
I AM NOTING
THEM, THADE



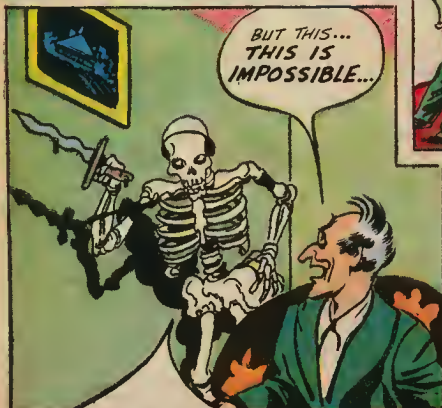
INTO THE
CLOSET,
DURREM,
AND AWAIT
MY WORD!

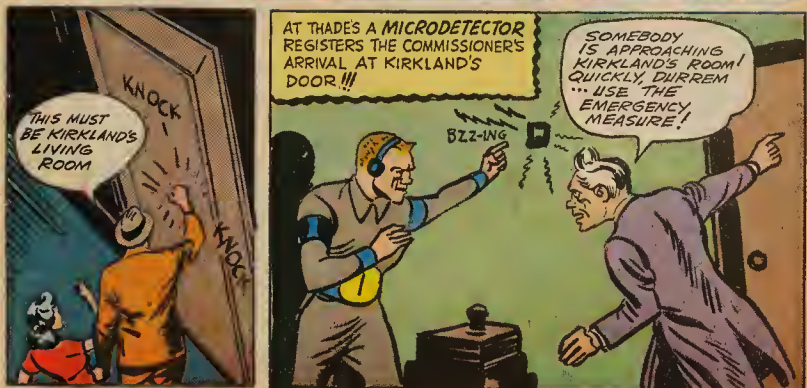
**TURN
THIS
PAGE**
AND VIEW
THE
HORRIFIC
RESULT
ACCOMPLISHED BY
THADE, MASTER
OF
DEATH,
AND HIS
SERVANT,
DURREM

!!!



WHICH
IS
DUPLICATED
IN
REAL
AND
MURDEROUS
DETAIL
AT
KIRKLAND'S
HOME,
MILES
AWAY
!!!







GOVERNED BY REMOTE CONTROL THE SKELETON
LIES DURREM'S ACTIONS!!

AS DURREM
RUSHED
FROM
THADE'S
LIVING
ROOM, THE
SKELETON
DOES THE
SAME AT
KIRKLAND'S
HOUSE...



ANOTHER MURDER
AND THE KILLER
IS A SKELETON!

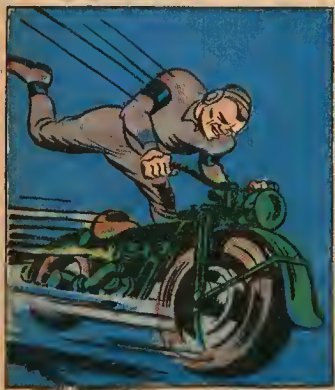


... AND
FINDS A
FREE
PATH AS
THE
COMMISS-
IONER
AND
MARGO
DROP BACK
IN HORROR.
INADVERTENT-
LY BLOCK-
ING THE
SHADOW'S
AIM...



WHAT WAS THAT
THING RATTLING
FAST?

I HOPE IT
ISN'T WHAT
I THINK IT IS!



STILL •
DUPLICATING
DURREM'S
REMOTE
CONTROL,
THE LIVING
SKELETON
HOPS ON A •
MOTORCYCLE
BEFORE THE
SHADOW
CAN
OVERTAKE
IT... AND IS
AWAY!



THIS IS
ONE SKELETON
THAT WON'T
TRAVEL FAR!



COME ON,
MARGO! WE'LL
TAKE UP THE
SKELETON'S
TRAIL!



BUT YOU
CERTAINLY
CAN'T FOLLOW
IT UP THERE!

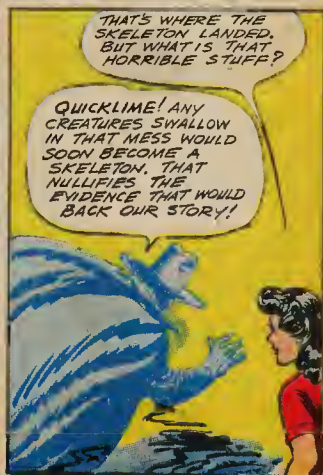
WE'LL DO
BETTER WE'LL
GO AROUND
BY ROAD AND
INTERCEPT
IT!



FIVE
MINUTES AND
THIRTY SECONDS!
DURREM IS
OVER THE
RISE BY
THIS
TIME!

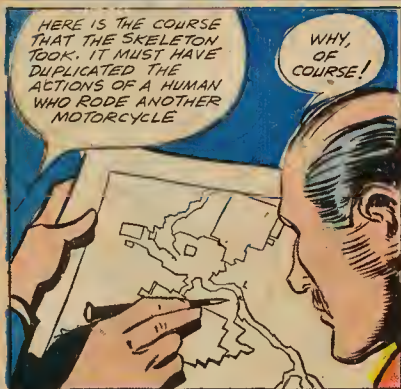
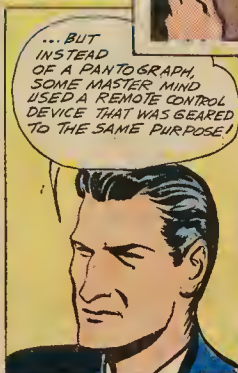
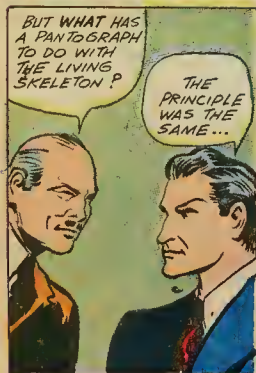
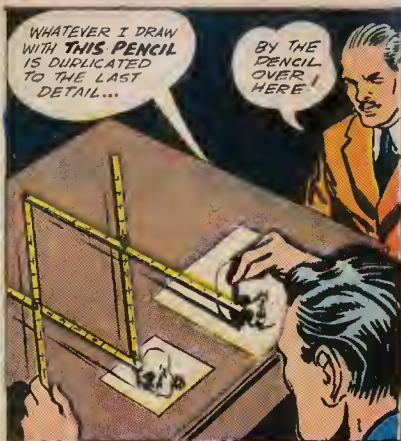
I WAS
RIGHT. THE
TRAIL CAME
TO A SHORT
END!

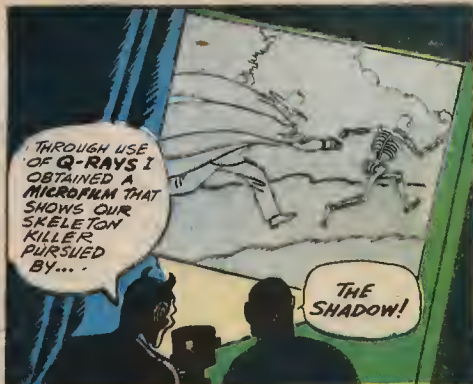
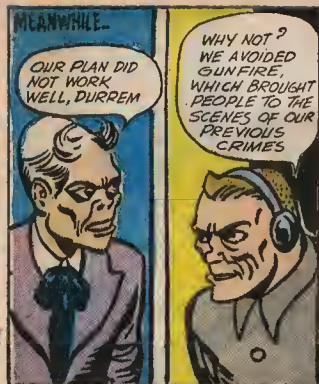
LOOK!
UP
THERE!



THAT'S WHERE THE
SKELETON LANDED,
BUT WHAT IS THAT
HORRIBLE STUFF?

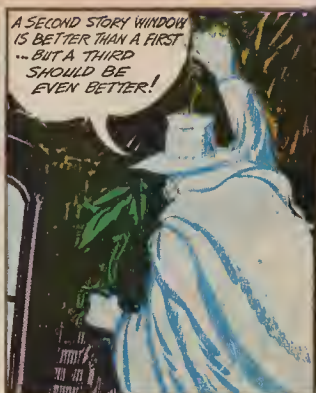
QUICKLIME! ANY
CREATURES SWALLOW
IN THAT MESS WOULD
SOON BECOME A
SKELETON. THAT
NULLIFIES THE
EVIDENCE THAT WOULD
BACK OUR STORY!







FRONT DOORS
ARE TO BE AVOIDED
WHEN THEY ARE WIDE
OPEN. I'LL TRY THE
BACK OF THE
HOUSE!



A SECOND STORY WINDOW
IS BETTER THAN A FIRST
... BUT A THIRD
SHOULD BE
EVEN BETTER!



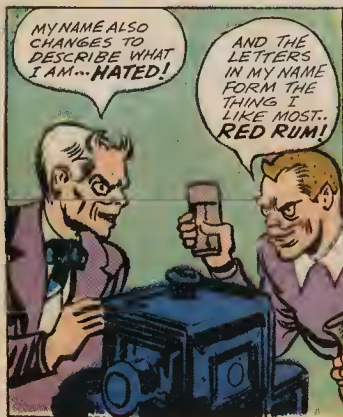
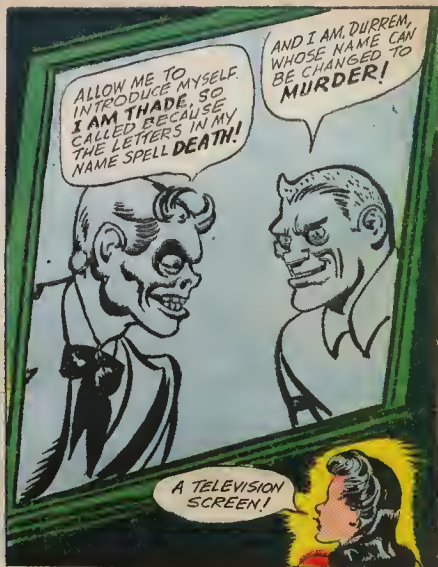
A CAR
STOPPING
OUT FRONT.
WESTON MUST
BE EARLY. I'LL
HAVE TO SPEED
MY JOB



HERE
I AM ...
AND MR.
THADE IS
EXPECTING
ME!



WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL BALL-
ROOM! WHY, IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH MR. THADE
PLANS TO SHOW
SOME MOVIES!







THAT WHOLE TOP ROOM IS A CABIN HELICOPTER IN DISGUISE!

THADE AND HIS STOOGES, DURREM ARE GETTING AWAY THIS TIME, BUT WE'LL FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL TO THE FINISH!

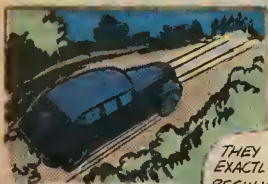


THE Shadow SOLVES

THE RIDDLE OF SEVEN TOWERS...



WITH COMMISSIONER WESTON, LAMONT CRANSTON AND MARGO LANE ARE ARRIVING AT SEVEN TOWERS, THE SCENE OF RECENT MYSTERIOUS CRIMES...



THEY WEREN'T EXACTLY MURDERS TO BEGIN WITH. ONE BY ONE, PEOPLE DISAPPEARED FROM SEVEN TOWERS...

TELL ME ABOUT THESE MURDERS, COMMISSIONER.

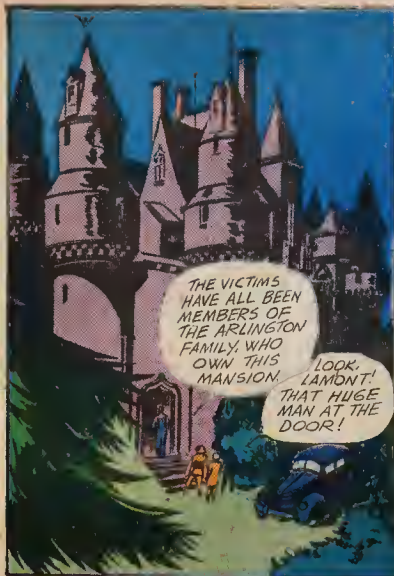


... AND WHEN RANSOM NOTES WEREN'T HEEDDED, THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS WERE FOUND LATER, AROUND THE GROUNDS

A VERY SINGULAR CASE.

HOW HORRIBLE!





THE VICTIMS
HAVE ALL BEEN
MEMBERS OF
THE ARLINGTON
FAMILY, WHO
OWN THIS
MANSION.

LOOK,
LAMONT!
THAT HUGE
MAN AT THE
DOOR!



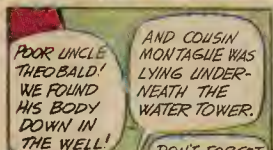
YOU MUST BE
THOM, THE
FAMILY SERVANT.

THAT IS RIGHT.
FOLLOW ME.
MY MASTERS
EXPECT YOU.



WELCOME! I AM
ALEXIS ARLINGTON,
AND THIS IS MY
COUSIN HUBERT.

WE ARE ALL THAT ARE
LEFT OF FIVE ARLINGTONS!



POOR UNCLE
THEOBALD!
WE FOUND
HIS BODY
DOWN IN
THE WELL!

AND COUSIN
MONTAGUE WAS
LYING UNDER-
NEATH THE
WATER TOWER.



DON'T FORGET
YOUNG MASTER
BUSHROD, WHO
FELL INTO THE
RAVINE!

CHEERFUL
AREN'T THEY,
IN A CREEPY
SORT OF A
WAY?

I THINK I'LL
ASK THEM A
FEW QUESTIONS,
MARGO.

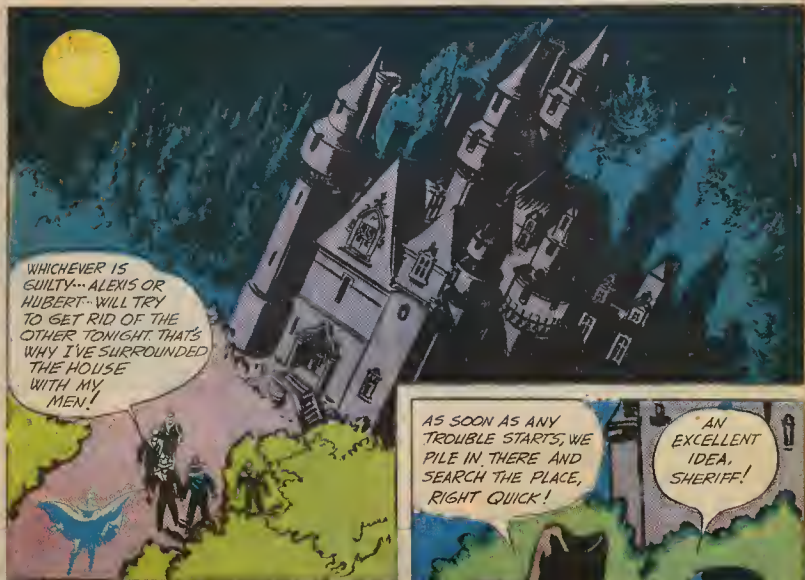


YOU ALL SAY
THESE PEOPLE
VANISHED
HERE IN
THIS HOUSE?

YES...
WITHOUT
A TRACE!

WE
SEARCHED
EVERY-
WHERE
FOR THEM!





WHICHEVER IS
GUILTY... ALEXIS OR
HUBERT... WILL TRY
TO GET RID OF THE
OTHER TONIGHT. THAT'S
WHY I'VE SURROUNDED
THE HOUSE
WITH MY
MEN!

AS SOON AS ANY
TROUBLE STARTS, WE
PILE IN THERE AND
SEARCH THE PLACE,
RIGHT QUICK!

"AN
EXCELLENT
IDEA,
SHERIFF!"



THIS
WATER TOWER
IS REALLY
ISOLATED! THERE
WOULD BE NO
WAY OF SECRETLY
REACHING THE
HOUSE FROM
HERE!



THIS OLD
WELL MIGHT HAVE
AN UNDERGROUND
EXIT.... I'LL
EXPLORE IT!



TIGHT AS A DRUM!
NO HIDDEN
PASSAGE
HERE.

WHILE *THE SHADOW*
IS DEEP IN THE
WELL, MARGO
ROAMS THROUGH
SEVEN TOWERS...

HERE COMES
ALEXIS! I'D BETTER
STAY OUT OF
SIGHT!



HUBERT...
WHERE ARE YOU?
I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU!



YOOOOOOOWWW...

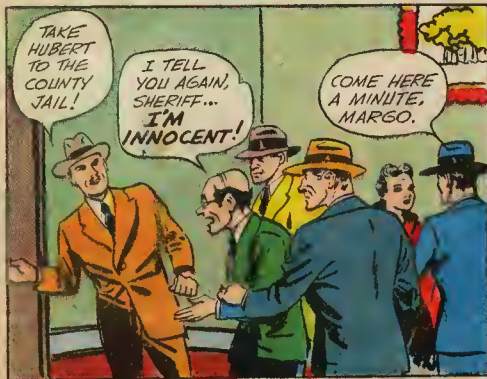
HEAR THAT,
MEN? INTO
THE HOUSE
AT ONCE!

IT
SOUNDED
LIKE MARSO!





ENTERING THE HOUSE AS
CRANSTON, **THE SHADOW**
HEARS THE DETAILS...







TURN THIS PAGE FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE!!!

THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!!





MURDER *at the* JUNCTION!

OR - NICK CARTER COUNTS TWENTY

IN the railroad station at Midland Junction, Nick Carter was viewing the scene where James Fitzpatrick, ace detective of the Midland and Eastern Railway, had been slain. The scene was a little office that overlooked the tracks. In one corner was a desk with a chair that had its back toward the window.

"That's where Jim Fitzpatrick was sitting," declared Roger Baybrook. "It happened while the night freight was going by. Somebody got him with a bullet from a Mannlicher rifle."

Roger Baybrook was a domineering man. He was sheriff of Midland County and the wealthiest landowner in this district. Baybrook wasn't pleased because the railway had called in Nick to help solve the Fitzpatrick murder, and Nick knew it. So did Patsy Bowen, Nick's efficient and attractive secretary.

"The night freight had just started from the water tower," continued Baybrook, stepping to the door. "You can see it there, well down the track by the grade crossing. The freight must have been doing about fifteen miles an hour when it passed the station."

"Those men down the track," questioned Nick, indicating some tiny figures. "What are they—deputies?"

"Yes," acknowledged Baybrook. "They're looking for Weasel Taggart and his mob of freight robbers. That gang has been busy around here lately."

"You connect Fitzpatrick's death with Weasel's gang?"

"Of course. Jim probably found some trail to Weasel and his outfit. That's why they killed him."

Footsteps sounded on the boards of the station platform. Nick and Patsy turned to see a middle-aged woman coming from the station. She was kindly faced, yet in her expression was a challenge evidently meant for Baybrook, since her eyes were fixed squarely upon him. Turning to Nick, Baybrook made a quick introduction.

"This is Mary Fitzpatrick, the station agent here. Mrs. Fitzpatrick will tell you whatever else you want to know. Good day."

With that Baybrook strode away, leaving Nick to complete the introduction. After identifying himself, Nick introduced Patsy, who felt constrained to add some words of sympathy.

"We're really sorry, Mrs. Fitzpatrick," said Patsy. "About your husband, I mean."

"Jim wasn't my husband," returned Mary. "He was my brother-in-law, living here while my husband was away in the army. But I'm sorry about Jim, even though—"

Cutting off sharply, Mary met Nick's gaze. There was something in Nick's expression that indicated full knowledge of all facts, a manner that he had cultivated through years of practice.

"You may as well know it," declared Mary. "Jim sent my brother, Tom Prentiss, to jail. I don't blame Jim; he did it in line of duty, but he could have given Tom time to raise the

money."

"What money?" queried Nick in a noncommittal tone.

"The money Tom embezzled from the railroad when he worked for them," replied Mary. "Mr. Baybrook promised to help Tom out. But Jim just wouldn't wait."

Before Nick could further pursue the questioning, a child's voice interrupted. A little boy about four years old came dashing from the station and clutched Mary's hand.

"Can I count the freight cars tonight, mommie?" the boy asked. "Can I count them—maybe up to a hundred again?"

"This is my son Charley," introduced Mary. "He goes to bed just before the night freight comes by. He likes to count the freight cars."

Nick's eyes showed quick interest.

"Was he counting them—on that night?"

Before Mary could answer, Charley did.

"You mean the night mommie yelled! I'd only counted up to twenty when she scared me. She wouldn't let me talk to Uncle Jim. She hasn't let me count freight cars any more."

"You can count them tonight, Charley," Mary promised. Then, turning to Nick, she added: "I'm giving Charley his supper now, Mr. Carter. But you can come back later—any time—and I'll answer any questions you ask."

Taking Charley into the station, Mary continued through to the living quarters that adjoined the office. Dusk was gathering outdoors and in the gloom Patsy studied Nick's inscrutable face.

"What next, Mr. Carter?"

"We'll go over to Halsey's store," said Nick, gesturing to some lights that glimmered in the distant dusk. "Maybe we can learn something over there. It's not far across the tracks, so we won't bother to go around by road."

The short line to Halsey's store proved difficult. Along the darkened ground beyond the tracks Nick and Patsy soon were stumbling through stones and brambles. To add to their dilemma, there came a sudden surge of shouts, along with the blink of flashlights.

"There they go! Stop them!"

At the cry, Nick flung Patsy into the nearest refuge, which happened to be a junk pit. Shotguns blasted above them and the lights arrived. Crawling out with hands upraised, Nick and Patsy met Baybrook's deputies and explained who they were.

"Sorry, Mr. Carter," said a deputy. "Mr. Baybrook told us to be on the lookout for Weasel Taggart—and to ask no questions. Lucky you ducked quick or we might've shot you."

Continuing into the store, Nick and Patsy found the proprietor in an anxious mood. As owner of the one big store in Midland Junction, Jeremiah Halsey had cause to be worried. He showed relief when he learned who Nick was.

"Three times now," declared Halsey in a wheezy tone, "Weasel Taggart has been around trying to rob my store. Guess that's why Sheriff Baybrook had those deputies posted here."

Nick closed the door and sat down on a cracker barrel, while Patsy began to look around the store, which was a sprawly place with many alcoves all representing different departments.

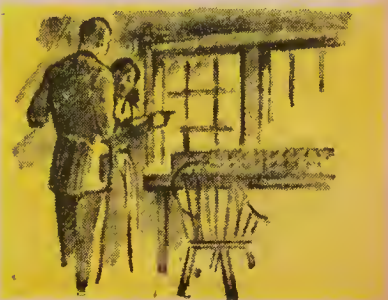
"Every time Weasel's gang robbed freight cars," continued Halsey, "Jim Fitzpatrick went after them. So they tried to rob my place instead. Only I scared 'em off. For instance, Mr. Carter, open that door into the hay, grain and feed department."

Nick went over and opened the door that Halsey indicated. He dropped back instantly to avoid a crash of hammers, wrenches, and chunks of pipe that came piling down from above.

"One of my burglar traps," chuckled Halsey. "Folks say I ought to patent that invention."

But it ain't only Weasel Taggart that I've got to worry about." His tone was becoming serious and confidential. "Tom Prentiss is back."

Nick showed no recognition of the name. So Halsey continued with a further explanation.



"Mary Fitzpatrick is his sister," declared Halsey. "He was in jail for embezzlement. Tried to get Roger Baybrook to help him out by telling Baybrook how he could buy some land that the railroad would lose if it didn't keep up its right of way. But Jim Fitzpatrick found out about that deal and squelched it."

Fishing high on a shelf Halsey brought down an apple pie and went to get a paper bag. When he returned he gestured to the door.

"Going over to see Mary Fitzpatrick," said Halsey. "I'm taking her this pie. If you come along, Mr. Carter, you can look through the papers left in Jim's desk. Maybe they'll tell you something."

They went to the station by the roundabout road that led across the tracks at the water tower. Nick and Patsy went into the office while Halsey was delivering the apple pie.

The night freight was pulling from the water tower. Its pounding roar became terrific as it rumbled past the station. His hand deep in a desk drawer, Nick looked up suddenly; then, with a quick stride he was across the room, snatching Patsy on the way. As they swung through the door, the window crashed and something whined across the room to ping the wall above the desk!

Another rifle bullet from the night freight—this one meant for Nick Carter!

Involuntarily, Patsy screamed. Her cry brought Mary Fitzpatrick from the kitchen, with Jeremiah Halsey at her heels. Nick warned them back until the hundred-car freight had pounded past. Then, with the rear lights of the caboose twinkling off along the tracks, Nick entered the office, picked up the phone and called Baybrook, only to find that the gentleman-sheriff was not at home.

It was dawn when Baybrook did arrive, after an unsuccessful hunt for Weasel. He'd been driving around the county all night, checking on different groups of deputies. Baybrook gave the opinion that Weasel must have left the vicinity until he heard of the death thrust aimed at Nick.

"Weasel, all right," affirmed Baybrook grimly. "He must have hopped the freight and come past while we were out looking for him. Lucky he didn't kill you, Carter."

Patsy remembered that statement. "Late that afternoon, after they had joined the deputies in a final, futile search for the missing Weasel Taggart, Patsy expressed her opinion to Nick



outside the railroad station.

"Maybe Baybrook wasn't driving somewhere at the time the freight went past," argued Patsy. "He could have been on the train himself, prepared to murder you, Nick. If only somebody could furnish a real clue!"

"Here's someone who might," remarked Nick. "Little Charley. Hello, Charley, we haven't seen you all day. Did you count the freight cars last night?"

The child had approached so silently that Patsy hadn't heard him. Now, to Patsy's surprise, he pointed an accusing finger at her.

"You yelled!" insisted Charley. "Like mommie did, the other night. Why does everybody yell when I count twenty?"

A keen look flashed from Nick's eyes. Pointing across the tracks, he indicated Halsey's store.

"Look at those windows, Charley," suggested Nick. "Count them for me."

Charley did. There were just thirteen windows. Sending Charley back into the station, Nick turned to Patsy.

"We're going over to Halsey's," affirmed Nick, "and count those windows from the inside. Halsey went over to the freight station to pick up a shipment in his truck. The place will be locked, but that won't matter."

It didn't matter. Nick used a pick to open the front door and they entered the store. What mattered was the windows. There were only twelve, when counted indoors. Only twelve, until Nick picked a lock on a door that looked like the entrance to a closet until he opened it.

Within was a narrow room, with a window, shuttered like all the rest. Close to the window stood a tripod; on it was mounted a Mannlicher rifle, pointing between the shutter slats!

Continued on last page

The Votes Are In!...
**AND THE COMIC
POPULARITY
WINNERS FOR
THIS YEAR ARE:**



**THE MOST POPULAR
INDUSTRY
IN THE WORLD!**

AVIATION, as featured in AIR
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COMIC GROUP**

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
NOW ON SALE

VIGNETTE'S OF LIFE—CUTTING EXPENSES

"I'D STILL, OR I'LL BE LATE FOR MY APPOINTMENT WITH THE HAIRDRESSER."

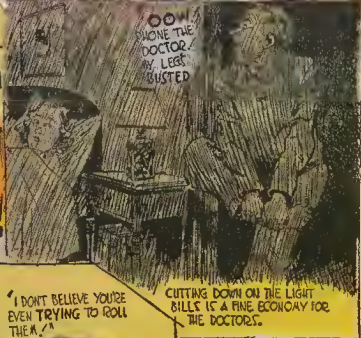


"SUGGEST 'SAVING A LITTLE BY CUTTING OUT THE BEAUTY TREATMENTS' AND SEE WHO GETS THE HOME-MADE KIND."

"SOME FOLKS BALANCE THE BUDGET BY LUMPING ALL THEIR BILLS IN THE WASTE-BASKET."



"OOH! PHONE THE DOCTOR! MY LEG'S BUSTED!"



"CUTTING DOWN ON THE LIGHT BILLS IS A FINE ECONOMY FOR THE DOCTORS."

"SORRY JO! GOTTA SAVE UP FOR NEXT YEAR'S INCOME TAXES."



"WE COULD CUT DOWN QUITE A BIT ON THOSE TWO BUCK TONGUES AND AT THE SAME TIME ECONOMIZE WITH ECUSES."



"I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE EVEN TRYING TO ROLL THEM."

"GET HIM SOME CHEAPER TOBACCO AND ONE OF THOSE GADGETS FOR ROLLING HIS OWN. AND HE WON'T SMOKE SO MUCH... AT HOME."

"IT WON'T SHOW WITH YOUR COAT ON... OR SITTING DOWN."



"AND YOU SAVE SOME LEATHER BY SITTING DOWN MORE."



"AW, MA! A BATH IN THE MIDDLE O' THE DAY IS SUN'DN' FIERCE!"

"SOME WOULD LIKE TO ECONOMIZE ON SOAP... THEY THINK A BATH IS NO MORE-USE THAN TWO MUSTACHES."

"SOME ARE SPENDING WITH ECONOMY—THEY CUT OUT SOAP AND WORK."

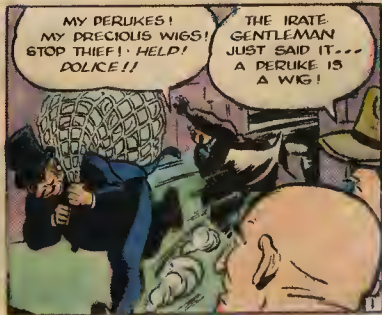
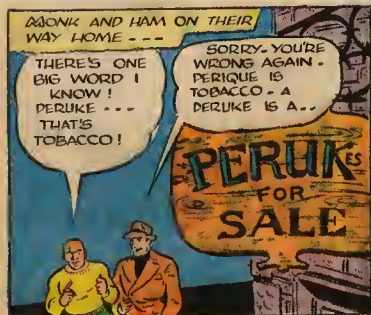


"Saver's."

"SO? I THINK I'VE MADE O' MONEY."

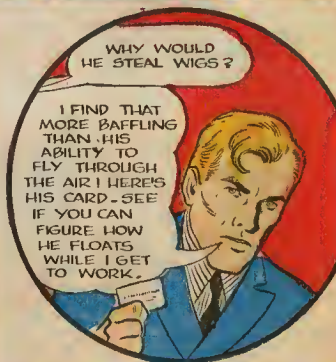


"THEN THERE ARE FOLKS WHO COULD ECONOMIZE A BIT ON ECONOMIZING."

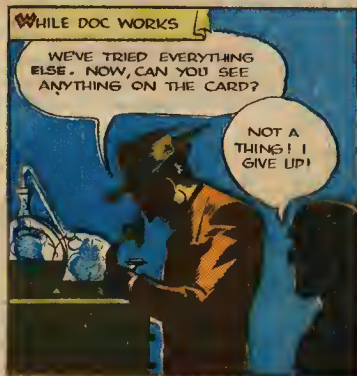


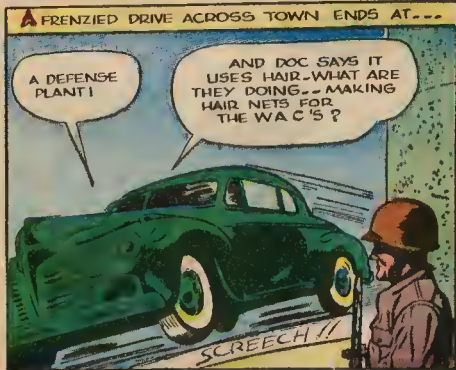
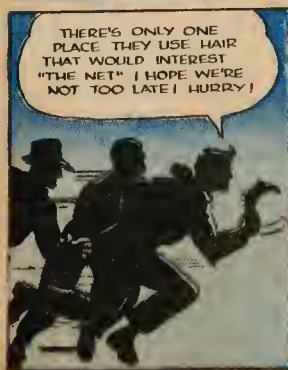
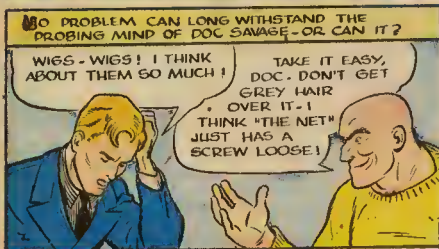


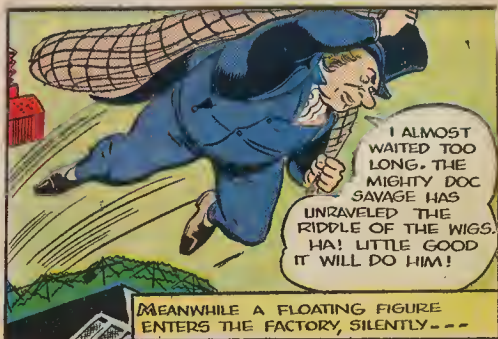




AND A WEEK LATER MONK AND HAM STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED IT --







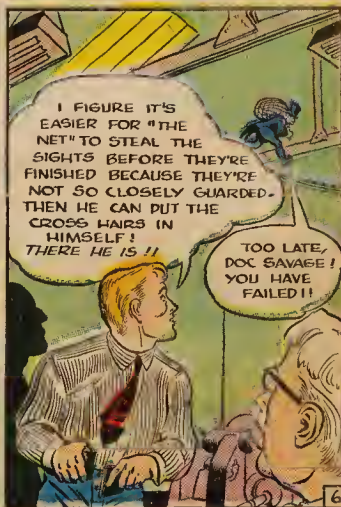
THE GUARD PHONES THE PRESIDENT OF THE FACTORY.

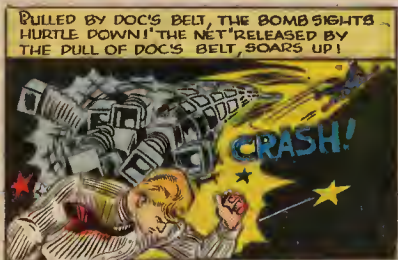
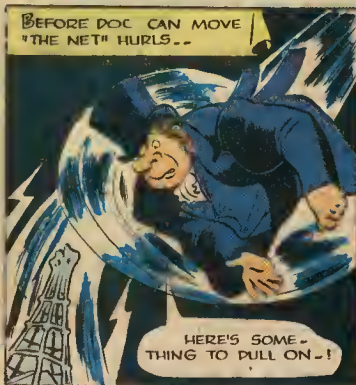
-- SAYS HE'S DOC SAVAGE. WHAT? YESSIR. I'LL LET THEM IN IMMEDIATELY, SIR.



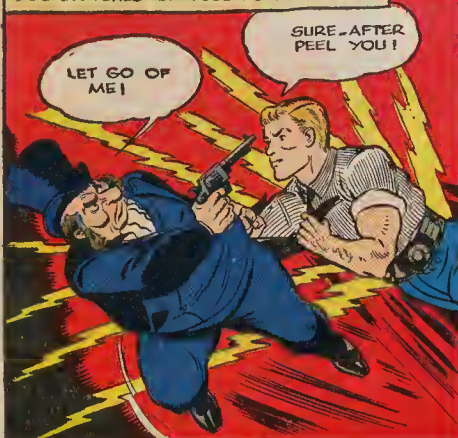
HIGH ABOVE THE CLAMOR OF THE FACTORY, A FIGURE --

FOOLS! I WILL BID THEM GOOD-BY BEFORE I FLY FOR TOKYO. I'LL BE WELL PAID FOR THESE!





DOC SWITCHES ON FULL POWER AND--



LET GO OF ME!

SURE-AFTER PEEL YOU!



AFTER I PEEL YOU LIKE A BANANA, AND TAKE OFF YOUR PRECIOUS BELT!

OH! YOU'RE MUSSING UP MY CLOTHES!

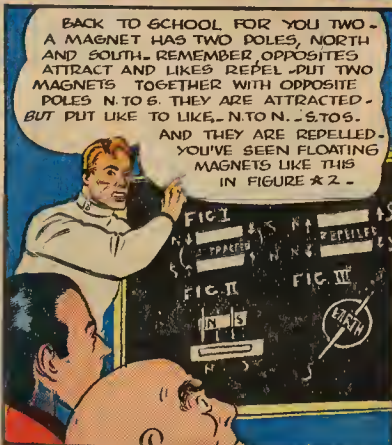
AND "THE NET" GOES TO JAIL, STILL COMPLAINING ABOUT HIS CLOTHES- MONK AND HAM ASK QUESTIONS.

NOW, DOC, HAVE A HEART! WHAT WAS ON HIS CARD!

HE BRAGGED LIKE ALL CROOKS- LOOK, I'LL SCRATCH OUT SOME LETTERS.

M-A-G-N-E-T MAGNET! BUT HOW DOES IT DEFY GRAVITY?

MR. MARTIN ALBERT GEORGE NET
SCIENTIFIC COMEDY
A SPECIALTY



BACK TO SCHOOL FOR YOU TWO- A MAGNET HAS TWO POLES, NORTH AND SOUTH- REMEMBER, OPPOSITES ATTRACT AND LIKES REPEL- PUT TWO MAGNETS TOGETHER WITH OPPOSITE POLES N. TO S. THEY ARE ATTRACTED- BUT PUT LIKE TO LIKE- N. TO N.- S. TO S.

AND THEY ARE REPELLED- YOU'VE SEEN FLOATING MAGNETS LIKE THIS IN FIGURE #2-

THE EARTH IS A HUGE MAGNET WITH A N. AND S. POLE. ALL "THE NET" DID WAS MAKE A SUPER-ELECTRO MAGNET- WHOSE MAGIC WAVES WERE REPULSED BY THE EARTH, THAT WAY HE COULD REPUSE OR ATTRACT ACCORDING TO THE POWER HE USED.

BUT YOURS WAS STRONGER AND OVERCAME HIS-

I'LL NEVER SAY ANYTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE AGAIN-

FIG-#2. THERE IS A NOVELTY SOLD IN TOY STORES CALLED THE "FLOATING MAN" WHICH DEMONSTRATES THIS SCIENTIFIC FACT.

CHICK CARTER'S

"INNER CIRCLE CLUB
FIGHTS THE BLACK
MARKET"



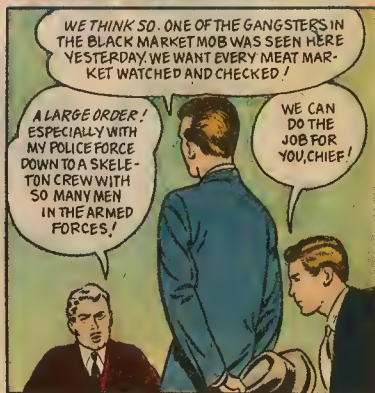
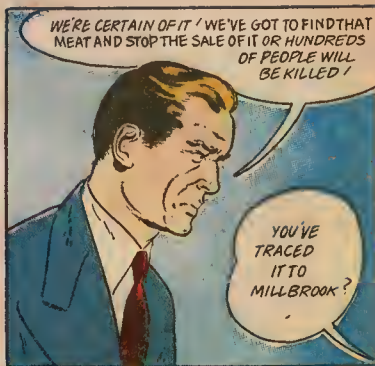
CHICK CARTER, BOY DETECTIVE, WHOSE EXCITING ADVENTURES ARE HEARD OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAYS THRU FRIDAYS AT 5:30 EASTERN WARTIME, IS FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE INNER CIRCLE CLUB FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN PERFORMING PATRIOTIC SERVICES FOR THEIR COMMUNITY.....



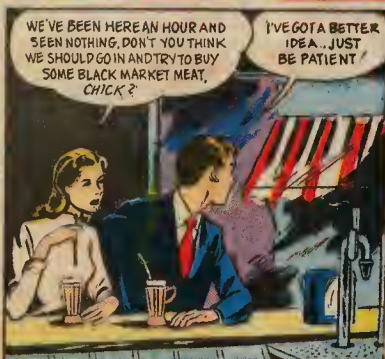
MILLBROOK ONCE AGAIN PLAYS UNWILLING HOST TO THE BLACK MARKET AS THE RATTLER RETURNS....



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE OFFICE OF
CHIEF OF POLICE BARLOW.....



LATER-IN CHICK CARTER INNER CIRCLE HEADQUARTERS ...



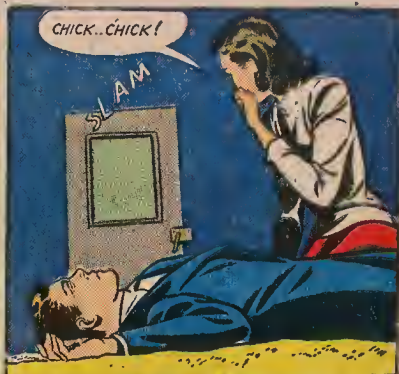


UT ON THE FLOOR ABOVE THE STORE AT THIS
MOMENT-- THE RATTLER WATCHES!









THREE HOURS LATER





IN A FLASH THE RATTLER MAKES HIS BREAK



WITH THE REST OF THE RATTLER'S GANG CAPTURED, CHICK EXPLAINS HOW HE AND SUE ESCAPED FROM THE ICE BOX



...AND I FOUND THIS DRAIN LEADING IN-
TO THE BASEMENT... I WAITED FOR
SUE AND WE ESCAPED TOGETHER!

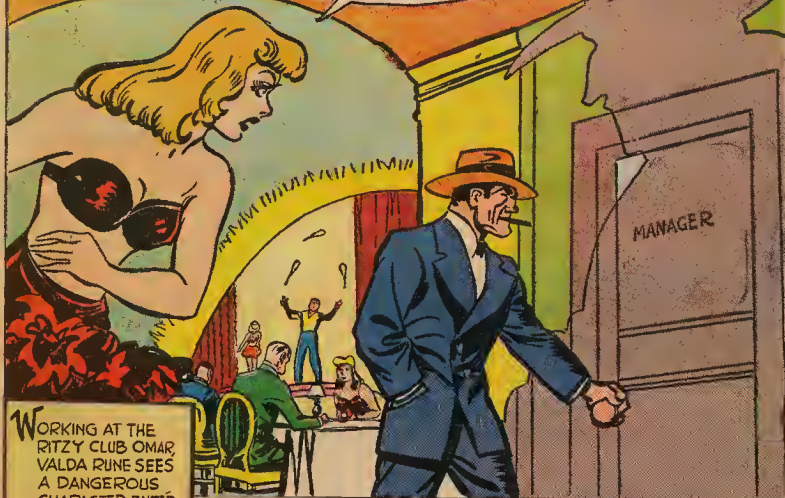
AND IT'S LUCKY YOU
LEFT THE INNER CIRCLE
STICKERS FOR CHIEF
BARLOW TO FIND, CHICK!

AND HOW! BEFORE I SAW THE
STICKERS I THOUGHT YOU KIDS HAD TIRED AND LEFT.
OTHERWISE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE STAYED ABOUT
AND THE GANG MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED!



The Shadow in "DOUBLE OR NOTHING"

THAT'S DIRK GRIMES!
HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER...
AND HE'S GOING IN TO
SEE LUCKY ROMAINE!



WORKING AT THE
RITZY CLUB OMAR,
VALDA RUINE SEES
A DANGEROUS
CHARACTER ENTER
THE MANAGER'S
OFFICE

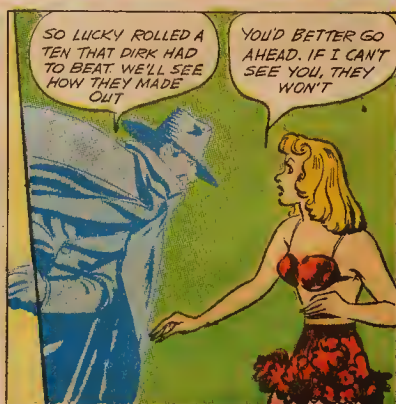
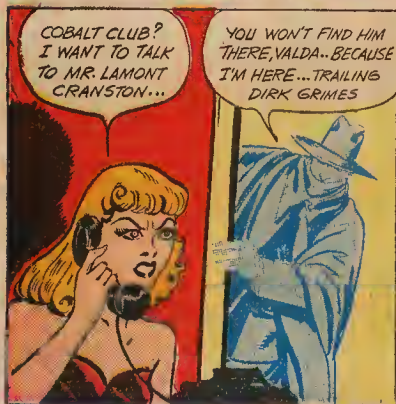
LUCKY, I'M AFTER THE
CARLISLE RUBIES.
I'VE GOT A HUNCH
YOU HAVE THEM
RIGHT HERE!

YOU MEAN
YOU THINK I
BOUGHT THEM
FROM THE GUY
WHO STOLE
THEM?

YES! THE GUY
WAS THE OLD
LADY'S NEPHEW..
THE ONE WHO
COMMITTED
SUICIDE

HE DIDN'T
BRING THEM
HERE, DIRK





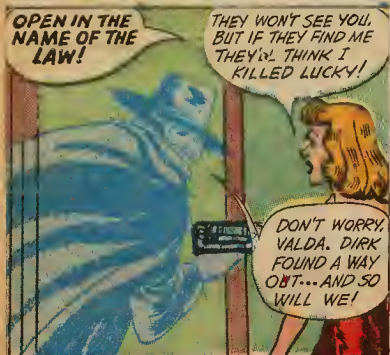


LUCKY...
DEAD! AND THE
PLACE HAS BEEN
RIFLED!



KEEP YOUR SEATS
EVERYONE! WE'RE
LOOKING FOR A
MURDERER!

THE
POLICE!
THEY'RE AFTER
DIRK, TOO!



OPEN IN THE
NAME OF THE
LAW!

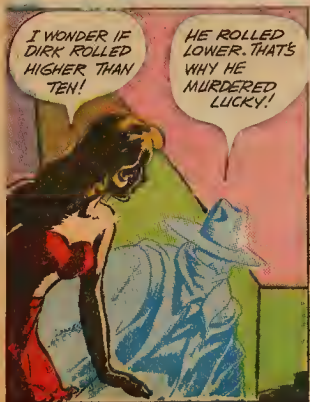
THEY WON'T SEE YOU,
BUT IF THEY FIND ME
THEY'LL THINK I
KILLED LUCKY!

DON'T WORRY,
VALDA. DIRK
FOUND A WAY
OUT... AND SO
WILL WE!



ALWAYS TRY
THE MOST
UNLIKELY
PLACE
FIRST!

THE
BACK OF THE SAFE
... WHY IT'S
COMING OPEN!



I WONDER IF
DIRK ROLLED
HIGHER THAN
TEN!

HE ROLLED
LOWER. THAT'S
WHY HE
MURDERED
LUCKY!



HERE
COMES A
DAME!

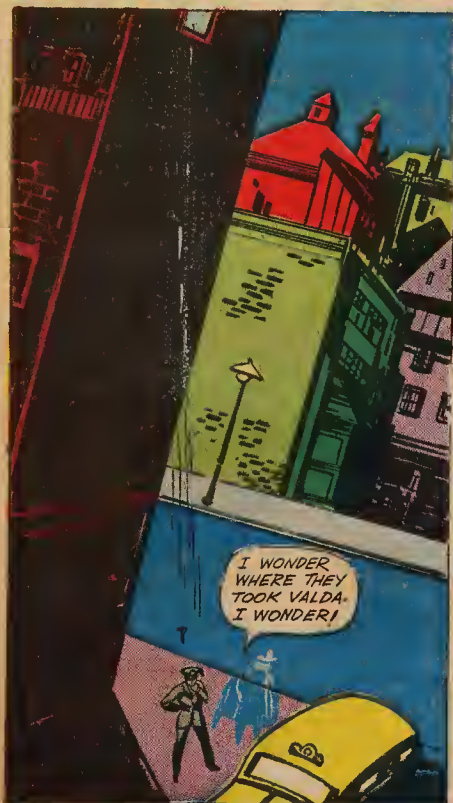
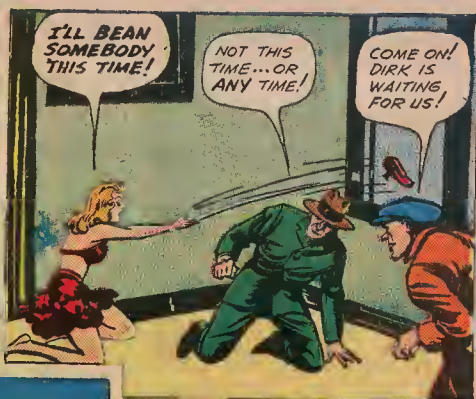
SHE
KNOWS
THE BACK
WAY TOO!

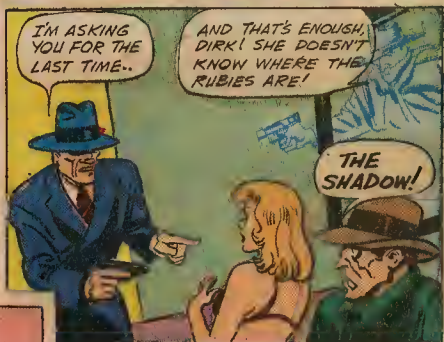


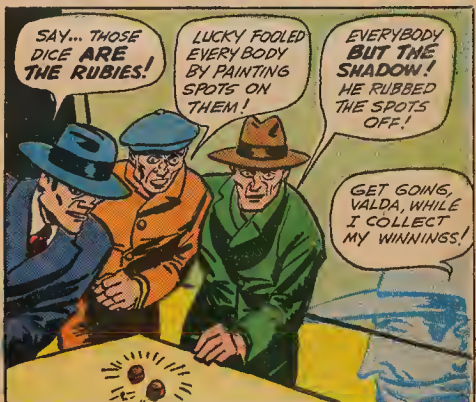
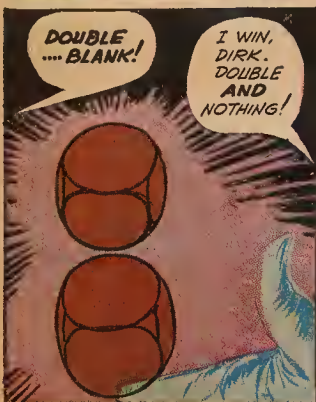
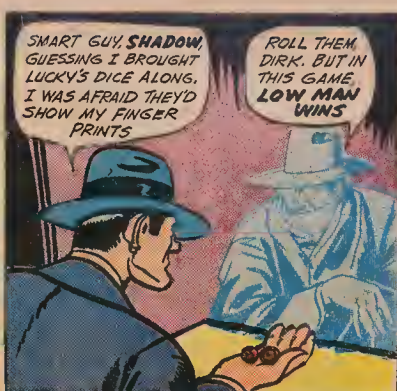
I'LL GET
UP TO MY
DRESSING
ROOM BY
THE FIRE
TOWER

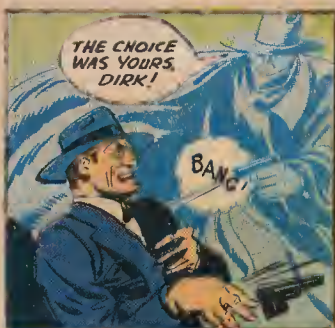
ALLRIGHT
... AND
WHEN I
TRACE
DIRK I'LL
CALL YOU







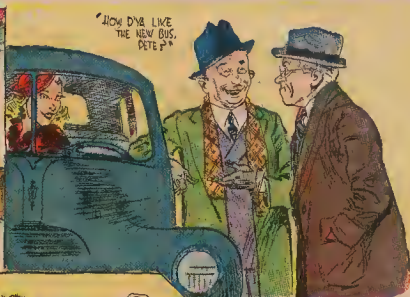




VIGNETTE'S OF LIFE - PRIORITIES



"AFTER YOU CLOSE THE WINDOW YOU CAN GO DOWN AND OPEN UP THE KITCHEN, AND PUT ON THE COFFEE, AND BRING A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE WHEN YOU COME UP TO DRESS."



"NOW DON'T LIKE THE NEW BUS, PETER?"

"COME WIVES GET PRIORITIES ON PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING, MERELY BY REMAINING IN BED."



"WHEN THE LAD WHO BORROWED TWO HUNDRED BUCKS A YEAR AGO AND STILL OWES IT... IN PRIORITIES LIKE THIS, ARSENIC IS INDICATED."



"WE ALWAYS USED TO GET PRIORITIES... ON THE DIRTY WORK."



"OLDDEAR NO! I ALMOST LEAVE IT ON THE BOOKS SO I CAN GET THE LINE WHEN I WANT IT!"



"AND IT BETTER BE ALL THERE THIS WEEK, TOO!"

"THE ARMY AND NAVY HAVE ALL THE PRIORITIES... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE."



"ANOTHER CHILD WITH HIS OWN INHERENT PRIORITIES."



"SO WHAT? SO?"

"BUT IT'S LATE NOW!"

"GUESS WHO'S GOING TO GET THE PRIORITIES ON THE BOARDING-HOUSE BATHROOM... WHEN THE FIRST ONE GETS OUT."

"PRIORITIES ON THE PAY ENVELOPE HAVE BEEN IN FORCE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME."

That wasn't all. The Mannlicher had a telescopic sight, common with such rifles. When Nick told Patsy to look through it, she exclaimed:

"Why, it's trained right on the desk in the office at the railroad station!"

"That's right," nodded Nick. "Nobody would have used a Mannlicher to shoot at close range from a moving freight train. It is definitely a long-range gun and very accurate as such."

"But the shots came when the train was going past—"

"Which proved that they came from across the tracks, Patsy, spotted right between two moving freight cars!"

"Is that possible?"

"Absolutely, considering the terrific speed of a rifle bullet compared to a slow-moving freight train. But something had to control the gun so Halsey would have an alibi. Look, here it is."

Nick pointed to a small, intricate box, connected to the rifle trigger. He pressed a little switch and the thing began slow ticks that Nick counted. At the count of "twenty" the trigger gave a sharp click.

"A photo-electric gadget," explained Nick. "Each time a freight car cut off the light from the station window, this thing moved another notch. It was set for twenty, so the shot would seem to come from somewhere on the train."

"That's why little Charley counted twenty both times!"

"Exactly, but I already had my clue. Assuming that Weasel or some other sharpshooter was riding that freight, he wouldn't have fired at the desk *after* I had gone from there. That perfect shot, at the same spot where Jim Fitzpatrick had been, convinced me that the whole thing was mechanical."

Here was full evidence to prove that the actual murderer was Jeremiah Halsey, the man upon whom no suspicion rested. What Patsy couldn't understand was the motive Nick explained it.

"Remember those attempted robberies?" queried Nick. "Weasel and his mob were really bringing in the stuff they had stolen from freight cars. Halsey is fencing the goods for them."

"Then if we look around," began Patsy, turning toward the door, "we may find the stolen goods and close the case against Halsey!"

"We'll go over to the station first," decided Nick as he followed Patsy from the hidden room. "I didn't like Halsey's crack last night about Mary's brother being back. It sounded like another frame."

The night freight was starting from the water tower when Nick and Patsy entered the station. Because of the approaching train they weren't quick enough to hear the voices from the office until they suddenly found themselves at the point of a revolver. There, by Jim's desk, stood Halsey. He was already covering Mary, just within the doorway. Both Nick and Patsy walked into the very same trap.

"So it's you, Carter!" bellowed Halsey above the rising roar. "I was just telling Mary that I knew her brother Tom was here. I was going to turn him over to Baybrook and let him take the rap for killing Jim, unless Mary made him sign a false confession for my future protection."

"That seemed the best system"—the rattling freight cars were almost drowning Halsey's shout—"because you were beginning to get too smart, Carter. It seems you're even smarter than I thought, and so I'm giving you—this!"

Patsy and Mary shrieked together as Halsey shoved his revolver straight toward Nick, who was motionless except for his lips. They formed the word "twenty" before Halsey could pull the trigger. Instantly the window crashed and Halsey jolted under a whining impact from the darkness. So sudden was his twisting sprawl that the revolver fell from his hand unfired.

The roar, like the freight itself, was fading in the distance when Nick Carter stepped across the body of Jeremiah Halsey and picked up the telephone to call Sheriff Baybrook. Noting that Patsy still wore a quizzical stare, Nick paused to explain:

"I loaded that Mannlicher, Patsy, while you were starting out. I wanted to test it to make sure it worked exactly as I thought. When Halsey trapped us he was standing right in line with his own death machine. So I let him deliver his oration, hoping it would last for twenty freight cars."

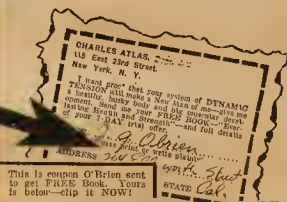
His dead face grinning upward from the floor, Jeremiah Halsey seemed to relish the grim trick that he had played upon himself, by courtesy of Nick Carter.

The End.

HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN
Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary snapshot of one of 'Charles Atlas' 'Cult-furta pupils.



...and Here's the Handsome Prize-Winning Body I Gave Him!

J. G. O'BRIEN saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man. NOW read what he says:

"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS! I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion!'"

J. G. O'Brien.

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN"—Charles Atlas

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system IN-SIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can thrust new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a new, beautiful suit of muscle!

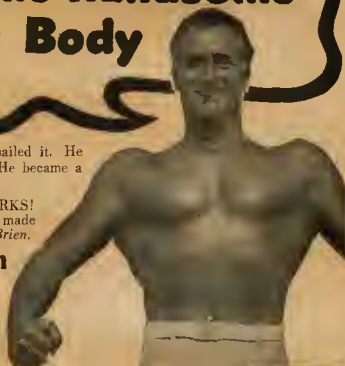
Only 15 Minutes a Day

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You learn to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension." You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! So and only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension," almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—TO BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK "EVERLASTING HEALTH AND STRENGTH"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! Buy a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3089, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

An untouched photo of Charles Atlas winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3089

115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" can help make me a New Man—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your **FREE** book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." No obligation.

Name

(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Be a RADIO Technician

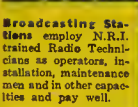
ecided
hidden
ended



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute. Established 23 years. He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week fixing Radios in spare time.



Broadcasting Stations employ N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.

I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week in Spare Time. "I repaired some Radio sets on my tenth-lessee. I made \$600 in a year and half. I have made an average of \$10 a week — just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 1337 Kalamath St., Denver, Colorado.

\$200 a Month in Own Business. "For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start in this field." ARLIE J. FROEHRER, 800 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



Lieutenant in Signal Corps. "I can not divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N.R.I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

**I Will Train You at Home
in Spare Time for Good Radio Jobs**

**More Men Trained Now Make
\$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy wartime field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards In Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

Jobs Like These Go to Many Men I Train

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, Ship Radio and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians to replace men who are leaving. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get started in this fascinating field. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronics and other Radio developments will open after the war! This is the sort of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

There's probably a opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time fixing Radios. I'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week, extra within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared to take

advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, developed, perfected during the 23 years we have been teaching Radio.

A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards In Radio

N.R.I. has stuck to the one job of teaching Radio for 23 years. Our combined efforts have made the Course so interesting, with hundreds of pictures, charts, and diagrams, and with special teaching methods designed especially for home study—that we believe you will be "old friends" with Radio almost before you know it.

**EXTRA PAY IN
ARMY, NAVY, TOO**

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